

TERMS:

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The Butler.

Who, when he calls the country through,
Gave up his good right hand to you,
And named the good soil he would sow?
The Butler.Who then offered to you and me
That he was for the "Primary,"
And with its rillings and its dings?
The Butler.Who talked of honor, then, and went
In tattered clothes, strong and proud
That better never should be allowed?
The Butler.Who, when the "Primary" was over,
Put very wisely, and with care,
And named the village of the poor?
The Butler.Who spread his garments on the ground,
Laid out very cheaply, and with care,
And named the village of the poor?
The Butler.Who, rather than submit to fate,
Would enter through the "Primary" gate
To place, a better candidate?
The Butler.Who, if the truth was known, think less
Of party than his fellow-men,
And glories in his fellow-men?
The Butler.Who, when the "Primary" has passed,
Will have a more profitable task
To place, a better candidate?
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Lure among the Rocks.

Twas morn.

The orb of day was shining as bright

As a bootblack.

Every flower had risen from its bed

In dew time.

In the bed beneath the arbutus there

Was a gem of flowers.

Sweet bees sipped honey and hummed

Musical lullabies, while crickets

Crawled with their legs and wings

Sparkling dew-drops and condensed in

Circles.

"Sweet one, let me taste thy tulip,"

A voice said.

"Bagonia don't suit me, sir," was

The reply.

"Oh, fair one, wouldst thou have

Me peony way for the love of thee?"

"Sir, thou canst not win me, thou

Hast not anemone."

"Wouldst thou drive me where the

Woodbine twines, cruel hearted one?"

"How darest thou callally such

Names? Leave me."

"Never, unless thy promise is given

That thou wilt forget me not."

"Pshaw, be still. Let us have sweet

Peas."

"Oh, charming one, thou canst

Give heartiness to me."

"Never to such a dandy as thou art.

There is no sweet fern in this

Ark."

"Oh, sweet one, do not violet my

Feelings with such paragonic levity."

"A way with thee, I say, or I will

Call my poppy."

"I try a mind to prostrate myself be

Fore thee, and faith thy feet with my

Kisses."

"Ah, me, I fear I would have such

Lackpenny around here."

"Oh, morning glory of my life, must

I be doomed to wither and fade away

Unloved?"

"Yes, excoimbit, it is so willed."

"Then, by heavens, the fates blue

Blazes, cruel one. As the tress clings

To the rose-bush would my heart con

Tinue myself about thee. Thou dost

Cast me off. You say I haven't ane

Mone. 'Tis false, I have millions of

Sents."

"What sayest thou?"

"Ah, methinks thou art content. Yes,

Sweet one, I can purchase for thee corn

Silk for dresses, such as a princess will

Envy."

"Thou'rt not as bad as I thought

Thee. There's many a cowardly traitor

Buttercup and lip."

"Then thy stumbling donkey wif."

"Ay, dearest, call in Domy C

Cumber and let him double as at once."

And as the beautiful orb of day

Sunk beneath the crimson horizon of a

Western sky, two souls with but a

Single thought by sleep in a luxuri

ous bed of roses. [While all (N. Y.)

Times.

A Summer Shower.

What a spur and impulse the summer

shower is! How its coming

quicken and hurries up the slow

jogging country life! The traveler

along the dusty road arouses from his

reverie at the warning rumble behind

the hills; the children hasten from the

field, or from the school; the farmer

stays lively and thinks fast. In the

hay-field, at the first signal gun of the

elements, what a commotion! How

the horse-rake rattles, how the pitch

forks fly, how the white sleeves play

and twinkle in the sun or against the

dark background of the coming

storm! One man does the work of

two or three. It is a race with the

elements, and the hay-makers do not

like to be beaten. The rain that is

life to the grass when growing is poison

to it after it becomes drenched and

it must get under shelter, or put

up into muck casks, if possible, before

the storm overtakes it. [John Bur

roughs, Scribner for July.

A practical joker, a prudent man

withal, has gone to a cave and ordered

a three-masted schooner of beer, when

a friend appears at the door and

beckons to him to go out for a minute.

The intending drinker is afraid that

in his absence some one may get away

with the liquor, and a happy thought

strikes him, and he wraps around the

handle of the mug a scrap of paper

inscribed, "I have spit in this!" With

a light heart he hastens to the door,

communicates with his friend, and

returns to find written in another

hand beneath his warning, "So have

I!" [Brent Paper.

A lady writing from one of the

fashionable watering places declares

that the low-necked dress is an abom

ination into which it is the duty of

the press to look. Very true, and we

must say, in simple justice to our

selves, that it is a duty that we have

seldom lost an opportunity to dis

charge. [Courier-Journal.

"Can I ask you a few questions

concerning the celebrated Damascus steel?"

Is the way a correspondent begins his

letter. Certainly, we don't care a

Damascus anything you want to. [Brookville Democrat.

American Boats.

The greatest cataraet of the world

is the Falls of Niagara, where the wa

ter from the great upper lakes form a

river three-fourths of a mile wide, and

then suddenly contracted, plunges

over the rocks in two columns to the

depth of 175 feet.

The greatest cave in the world is

the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky,

where any one can make a voyage on

the water of a subterranean river and

catch fish without eyes.

The greatest river in the world is

the Mississippi, which is four thous

and miles long.

The largest valley in the world is

that of the Mississippi. It contains

five million square miles, and is one

of the most fertile regions on the en

tire globe.

The largest city park in the world

is in Philadelphia. It contains over

2,700 acres.

The greatest grain port in the world

is Chicago.

The largest lake in the world is

Lake Superior, which is truly an in

land sea, being 450 miles long and

1,600 feet deep.

The longest railroad at present is

the Pacific railroad, over 3,000 miles

long.

The greatest mass of solid iron in

the world is the Pilot Knob, of Mis

souri. It is 350 feet high, and two

miles thick.

The best specimen of Grecian archi

tecture in the world is the Girard

College for orphans, in Philadelphia.

The largest aqueduct in the world

is the Croton Aqueduct, New York

City. Its length is 40 miles, and it

cost twelve and a half million dollars.

The largest deposits of anthracite

coal in the world are in Pennsylvania,

the mines of which supply the mark

ets with many millions of tons every

year, and they appear to be wholly

inexhaustible.

The landlord at Elmira is a very

amiable person, and always on in

timate terms with his guests. Recent

ly, a stranger of distinction and a

Senator, stayed at his house. The

guest traveled on horseback with an

attendant. When he was about to

leave, the landlord, in his familiar

fashion, asked him which way he was

traveling. "Sir," said the Senator,

"have I paid my bill?" "Yes," said

the landlord, "I paid you one 'any

thing more?" "No," "Well I'm

just going where I please; do you un

derstand that?" "Yes," said the

landlord, who, though somewhat

excited, bowed the Senator out of the

stable-yard, and the traveler moved

off. Hardly, however, had the land

lord turned his back when the servant

returned to ask which fork of the road

his master should take. "Tell your

master, sir, that he doesn't owe me a

cent, and he may just take which road

he pleases."

We hate to have a lawyer die. Not

that we think any more of lawyers

than we do of any other class of peo

ple, but we know there has got to be

a "meeting of the bar" and resolu

tions are going to be drawn up for

the purpose of drawing up, clear out

of sight, and left there, and speeches

made eulogizing the deceased, princi

pally by rival attorneys who hated

him like sin when he was alive, and

who were never known to say any

thing good of him until he was laid

away under the sod. Then these res

olutions and speeches must be printed

in all the daily papers, and the com

munity discovers, when too late, what

a jewel they have had among them.

[Cincinnati Saturday Night.

Two weeks before he died the late

Rev. Dr. Daniel P. Young, of Ancho

rage, called for a pencil and paper and

wrote the following: To be opened af

ter his decease: "I have been buy

ing my mind with the great problems

of life and death, as I have been skir

tling hard by the other land. All hu

man hopes in such an hour, this fall.

Nothing save the righteousness of the

Lord Jesus Christ can avail. It is a

tower of strength, and in this doth

my soul hide. To God the Father,

who loved me with an everlasting love;

to God the Son, who redeemed me

with his precious blood; to God the

Holy Ghost, my sanctifier and in

dweller, I commit my soul, my body,

my family—my all."

Last year nearly 27,000,000 pounds

of tobacco and nearly two billions

of cigars were smoked, snuffed and

chewed in this country, an increase of

about 8,000,000 pounds of tobacco, and